

# Good Morning 588

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## Gordon Rich says They are Game Cocks in the "Main" Battle

COCKFIGHTING has been illegal in these islands since 1849. Throughout Europe, with the exception of Spain, it is either contrary to the law or is looked upon "with no enthusiasm" by the authorities.

But it still goes on.

The game-fowl is the nearest thing in this country to the Indian red jungle fowl, from which all domestic poultry today are supposed to be descended.

Cockfighting itself goes back

to the very remote history of the East. Themistocles introduced it into Greece.

The story goes that while he was marching his army against the Persians he saw two cocks fighting. He halted his troops, drew their attention to the valour of the birds, and exhorted them to emulate their spirit.

The Greeks won the battle that followed, and the fighting cock became a revered bird. Cock-fights were held annually in Athens, first in a

religious and patriotic spirit, later for the fun of the thing.

The Romans copied the Greeks and introduced the practice into England. Maybe the Normans started the game in Ireland.

Henry VIII added the famous Royal Cockpit to his palace at Whitehall. Oliver Cromwell put a stop to cockfighting, but Charles II and James I soon had it "on the go" again.

Gervase Markham, in his "Pleasures of Princes," published in 1614, wrote (and I am not responsible for the spelling) "of the Choyce, Ordning, Breeding and Dyeting of the Fighting-Cocke for Battell."

He says that when training a cock it must be fed "three or four daies only with old Manchet (fine white bread)." You would "get your touch" for that these days.

Spring water was the drink, not poteen or "blow-hard."

"Then you set him to spar with another cocke, putting a payre of hottes upon their heeles, which hottes are soft roubles of leather, covering their spurs, so that they cannot hurt each other."

"After exercise, a bird must be put into a basket, covered with hay and set near the fire. Then let him sweate, for the nature of this scouring is to bring away his grease and to breed breath and strength."

After a fight, "the first thing you doe you shall search his wounds, and as many as you can find you shall, with your mouthe, suck the blood out of them; then wash them with salt water."

Cockfights are known as "mains." A main is a fight between a set number of birds, the winner of events corresponding to heats, being judged the ultimate victor.

Little lady  
is growing  
fast, Sto.  
John Turnell,



We knew you would never believe how young Vivienne is shooting up, so we took this special picture to prove it, Sto. John Turnell. You'll have to find another "measuring post" when you return.

YOU have a daughter with extravagant tastes, Stoker and all would wish to send you their love. Brother Tom is at 32 Cromwell Road, Walthamstow, E.17, we asked young Vivienne what she wanted you to bring home for her, and she very innocently replied, "A little baby brother." That just shows what she thinks of submariners, doesn't it?

Vivienne also said that she would like some sweets, and her mother would be quite satisfied with only a dozen pairs of silk stockings, providing they are fully fashioned. That, in a nutshell, is the list of things your family want you to bring home for them. We agree it does look rather a tall order, but then, submariners were always resourceful.

Both your wife's and your

own families are keeping fit, and all would wish to send you their love. Brother Tom is at 32 Cromwell Road, Walthamstow, E.17, we asked young Vivienne what she wanted you to bring home for her, and she very innocently replied, "A little baby brother." That just shows what she thinks of submariners, doesn't it?

Your daughter is certainly growing up in a hurry, John, and she is now well past the top of the machine on which you used to note her progress.

By the time you get back you probably won't recognise Vivienne, and instead of you taking her to the Zoo and to Epping Forest, she'll be taking you.

Meanwhile, she and her mother send you all their love, and you can be sure your father-in-law will have a pint waiting for you at the "Nag's" when you get home.

George IV, was one of the defendants.

The main was fought on April 21st, 1865, at the Queen's Head Tavern, off Piccadilly Circus (no less), and a large crowd of onlookers of all types and classes were arrested. Each defendant was fined five pounds.

Week-enders used to go from Dover to Boulogne or Calais just before the war to watch cockfighting.

Once, on "The Thirteenth," I saw two men at Portadown station carrying small bags which contained game-cocks (so I was told). They were not heading for the sham-fight in Scarva, but were proceeding "on their unlawful occasions" to a cockfight somewhere else.

The police were on duty in the various towns in connection with the holiday, so the "cockers" gambled on the chance of an uninterrupted

In the "Battle Royal" it was a free-for-all. All were thrown into the pit and allowed to fight it out until only one remained on his legs.

Then there was the "Welsh Main." In this, eight pairs of birds were matched against each other. The eight winners were again paired, then the remaining four, and finally the last pair.

In 1830, at Lincoln, a battle took place between the birds of Joseph Gilliver, a famous "cocker," and game-cocks belonging to the Earl of Derby. Seven birds a side constituted the main, and the stakes were 5,000 guineas each match.

Gilliver won the main by five matches to two.

When the last famous court case of illegal cockfighting took place in London, W. Gilliver, grandson of the Royal Feeder to Kings George III and

## A Change in Coiffure with apologies to C.P.O. John Coker



YOUR wife is hoping you won't be too mad with her, C.P.O. John Coker. You see, she's just had her hair cut, or, at least, that's what she told us when we called at 149 Aston-ville Street, Southfields, S.W.18.

She says she is very sorry about it, and hopes you aren't angry, but we assured her you wouldn't be. It certainly looks very nice, and it would take a very hard-hearted submariner to think otherwise.

The twins, Michael and Molly, were not too well when we called, but the rest of the family were quite fit, and seemed pleased to see us. Your mother-in-law, Alice and Frances, and the apple of Alice's eye, young Christopher, were in good health, and so is your mother at Reading.

In your absence, your wife has been going out lately with Alice, including a few visits to the pictures and a few quick drinks at the "Sailor Prince," which, we were told, is very crowded these days.

Your wife has had an enlargement made of that photograph which was taken in Algiers, and she very scandalously stated that you were a bit drunk at the time it was taken. Of course, we didn't believe a word of it. Whoever heard of a submariner under the influence of drink?

By the time you get home again your wife hopes to have got most of your home together, and until she sees you again she sends you all her love.



The cockfight usually took place in the yard or stables attached to a tavern. Heavy bets were laid on the favourites. The bookie is clearly shown reaping in the shekels in this old print.



campaign in some remote part of the country.

Hogarth has a printing called "The Royal Cockpit," and a tougher set of guys such as you never saw in your life are looking on.

Some years ago there was litigation in a Northern Ireland town about the hire of a motor-car used to convey some cockfighters to their "unknown destination."

"Could you please inform the court, Mr. —, how far up in Antrim you were on this famous expedition?" asked the Judge.

"I could not, in truth, your Honour," replied the witness. "All I know is we were that far North they were talking Scotch."

As for the ethics of cockfighting, I have nothing to say in its defence. My own interest is purely academic.

The fact remains, however, that the game-cock is a born fighter. The art of combat is its metier, and it will even fight with its own reflection in a looking-glass, but prefers "the rale McCoy" any day.

We ALWAYS write  
to you, if you  
write first  
to "Good Morning,"  
c/o Press Division,  
Admiralty, London, S.W.1

# Like to Play in the Band?

## Here's How

Says  
**Maurice Winnick**



EVER been up to the smoke for a session at the Palais de Danse?

Dance band leader Maurice Winnick, in this article, tells Dick Gordon of the business behind the scenes.

This isn't a musical war—yet. We haven't discovered any new "Tipperaries" or "Long, Long Trail-a-Winding," and our experiment of hanging out the washing on the Siegfried Line was successful but brief.

This is not a marching war, but a speedy, mechanized combat, so no wonder there hasn't been much call yet for marching songs.

Many of our young and most brilliant instrumentalists have been called up for national service. I will not say yet that there is a serious dearth of talent in "Tin-Pan-Alley," but certainly it is more vital in our hour of national need that a lad should be able to handle a Bren gun rather than a banjo.

But from my side of the fence, as a dance band leader, I do think we must not make the mistake of disregarding

music entirely. Work is twice as easy if we have a song on our lips, and I want to do all I can to encourage those youngsters who are still, in their precious few spare moments, trying to follow the methods of professional dance musicians in the hope that the war will spare them to be stars themselves one day.

Will you tune in to a station giving dance music with a good proportion of piano solo work? Then go through your mistakes with me.

You'll notice when you listen closely that the good pianist plays everything within his scope, and plays it well.

**ALWAYS CAREFUL.** If you try a clever run up the piano, and it doesn't quite come off, then you are shown up at once as a tyro. If you fence, as a dance band leader, play modestly, in strict tempo, you are much more likely to get that professional finish.

If I mention fingering you'll think I'm taking you back to the days of Czerny and five-finger exercises, but the fact remains that proper fingering is essential in correct playing.

Take particular care of the notes you play with the third and fourth fingers.

Most people can thump out a chord, but the weakest part of the chord is that done with the second, third, or even the little finger. Your playing must be accurate.

Then listen most carefully to the way the solo pianist plays his bass. In some bands the bass player and drums help the pianist by giving a regular rhythmic background, but every solo pianist must be capable of doing all his own bass rhythmic work.

**In fact, the left-hand work is the foundation of all good dance playing—and I da'e say this is a nasty shock for amateurs who can hack out a tune very well with the right hand, but who aren't too particular about those left-hand notes so low down on the stave that they don't seem to matter much.**

You must know the full bass scale. Some people can only recognise about eight left-hand notes when written down, and anything below bass C on the scale is a mystery to them.

I can assure you that no matter what clever right-hand work you can do you'll never sound like a professional until the bass is right.

Try playing the bass first in octaves (instead of in single notes as generally written), and then in full chords at the beginning of each bar. Try play-

ing in tenths. This is quite easy with a little practice.

A full chord is an eighth—there is an interval of eight notes. Play a typical chord of C (C, E, G, C) with the left hand—and then stretch the left thumb up two notes to E. You probably won't be able to play this at one stretch, but by a slight swing of the left wrist you should be able to cover it. There is bound to be a slight accentuation of the top note.

Listen again carefully to the radio when a dance pianist is playing a slow fox-trot, and you'll hear that he seems to get an "extra note" somewhere about the middle of the keyboard, which harmonises with the rest. That extra note is actually the top note of the tenth-chord as played by the left hand.

Try these tenths in various keys and then fit them into the pieces you know. Don't overdo it, or it'll be all left-hand stomp.

**Careful listening to radio will show you that for a lot of the time a pianist plays the ordinary right-hand melody an octave higher than written. And sometimes an octave lower.**

When do you do this? In general, if the tune is a fast, snappy one, giving the opportunity for plenty of big chords or quick right-hand runs, it is a good plan to play these an octave higher than written. When the melody is slow

and you want to bring out the full melodious effect of the piece, play the main melodic line an octave lower—even if it means crossing left hand over right to get to the bass.

**TAKE IT EASY.**

Never on any account tackle any of this transposition of octaves until you can play the tune straight through without mistakes and with a full, steady bass in the way it is written.

Don't make things difficult for yourself. A classical pianist should not have to bother about the keys he plays in, but a dance pianist will often choose C, G, F, E flat or one of the "easy" keys.

There is no sense in playing a tune in a key with a lot of sharps and flats if the same effect can be obtained easier in a white key.

Don't carry this to extremes, for you have probably noticed that various keys seem to fit various types of tune. There is a rather involved harmonic reason for this, which you needn't worry about; but just

take my tip—choose pieces in easy keys first. It will give you a better chance of polishing up that bass work.

When you feel that your playing is steady and rhythmic, and when you can tune in to the radio and not feel too ashamed at the difference between what you can do and what you can hear, then is the time to improvise. Build up your own chords from the notes in the printed music; make your rendering just that little different from the way it is written.

Don't alter the melody, or your listeners will think you are muddling the tune. It is the chordal effect you want to alter.

One final thing you will notice when you tune in. A showy dance pianist uses long introductions and "breaks" that seem to have no bearing on the tune. Up to a point these add to the professional touch, but don't overdo it.

**Dick Gordon**

## QUIZ for today

1. A tui is a Malay coin, fish, bird, wire clip, short musical note?
2. In the song, "Comin' thro' the Rye," does the Rye refer to a grain, river, or drink?
3. What English king was a hunchback?
4. What is the motto of the Royal Tank Regiment?

5. In what game does England play Test Matches with Australia, besides cricket?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? B, R, I, T, T, I, S, H, I, S, L, E, S.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 587

1. Indian weight.
2. Patrick Ferguson.
3. Anne of Cleves, fourth wife of Henry VIII.
4. Cambridge.
5. It grows in clusters like grapes.
6. Cube has six sides; others all have four.

## I get around

**RON RICHARDS' COLUMN**



"VULGAR posters which deface national monuments" were referred to in the House of Commons recently. Sir R. Glyn asked the Chancellor of the Exchequer if he would consult with those responsible for the War Savings Campaign and the Ministry of Works in order to cease covering such historical monuments as Nelson's Column, Marble Arch and similar places with poster boardings, so as to permit visitors to London to see these monuments.

Sir John Anderson, in replying, said that while sympathising with the purpose of the question, which he trusted might be attainable before very long, he was afraid that he could not accept the assumption. It was still of national importance that the need for war savings should receive the most effective possible publicity, and he hoped that the National Savings Committee would continue to make full use of the facilities which they had been given for the purpose.

Tom Driberg suggested that Sir John Anderson should at least try to find some good modern artists who would design "posters which did not look like old-fashioned chocolate boxes or bad magazine covers."

Though he can hardly remember what chocolate boxes look like, he should know about magazines. He writes an excellent weekly column in "The Leader."



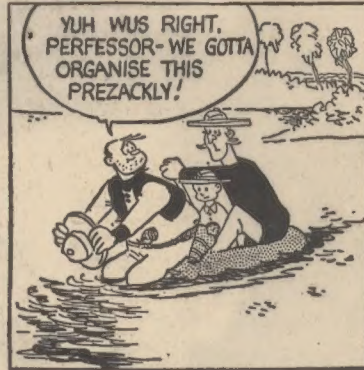
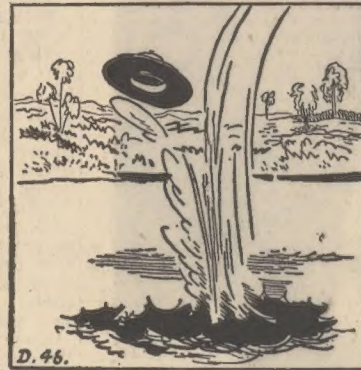
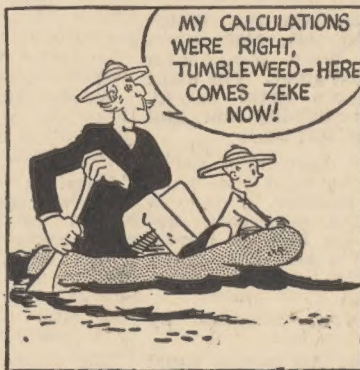
NEWLY-RUN Scotch whisky, direct from the distilleries, is now being swallowed by the gallon—by cows.

While the mere mortal hunts for just one bottle with which to banish a cold, the cows enjoy their Scotch; a by-product of distillation, known as Brunt ale, and found in the last dregs of the whisky stills.

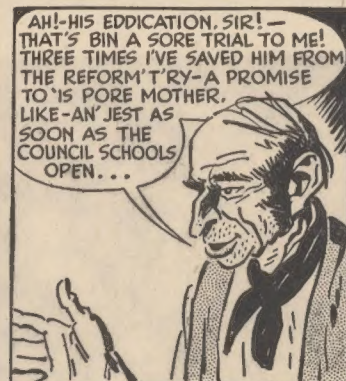


IRON houses, steel houses, wooden houses, prefabricated houses—has anyone thought of building brick houses?

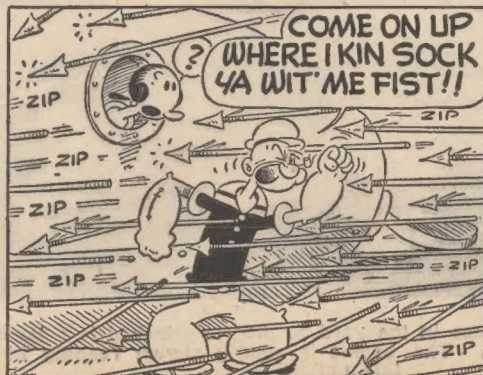
### BEELZEBUB JONES



### BELINDA



### POPEYE



# WANGLING WORDS—527

1. Fill in the missing letters and make a common word: E\*P\*A\*A\*I\*N.
2. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: TOUCH into REACH, and MATCH into TORCH.
3. What public school has V for the exact middle of its name?
4. In the following, the two missing words contain the same letters in different order: After making seventeen hats he still had a yard of —.

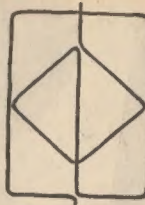
## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 526

1. HARMONY.
2. BABY, babe, bare, bore, BORN; SOUP, soap, soar, roar, roan, moan, moat, most, mist, fist, FISH.
3. SutHERLand.

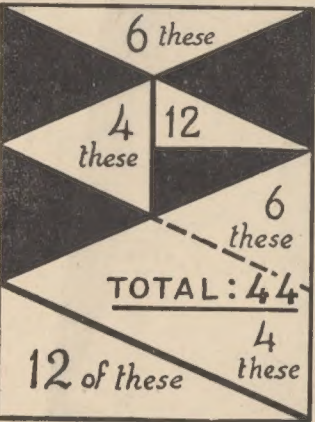


"No, I can't see you Friday; that's the day I'm getting married—how about Saturday?"

## SOLUTIONS TO PUZZLES IN No. 587.



Here are the answers, puzzlers, and we hope you arrived at the correct solutions honestly, or at least with the minimum of wangling.



# Here's a Laugh

Husband: "My wife is very hysterical; can you tell me what I can do about it?"

Friend: "Oh, I shouldn't worry; they say hysterical people can live for 120 years."

Husband: "It's not a question of how long she can live, but how long I can."

Officer Mooney: "Did yez meet any suspicious characters on yer bate last noight, Casey?"

Officer Casey: "Divil a wan but the roundsman. Shure, he's the most suspicious ould duck on the force!"

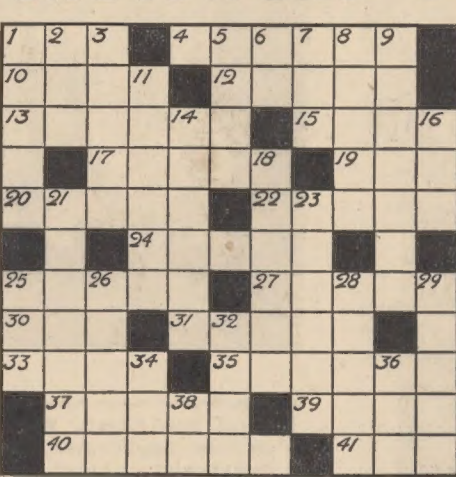
On the arrival of an immigrant ship some years ago, an Irishman, hearing the gun fired at sunset, inquired of one of the sailors what it was. "What's that? Why, that's sunset," was the contemptuous reply.

"Sunset!" Paddy exclaimed, with distended eyes. "Sunset! Howly Moses! And does the sun go down in this country with sich a clap as that?"

Doctor, my husband always talks in his sleep. "I'll give him something that will soon cure him."

"Oh, don't do that, doctor, I want you to give him something to make him more distinct."

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Common animal.
- 4 Servants.
- 10 Eager.
- 12 Loop of rope.
- 13 Of the nerves.
- 15 Snatch.
- 17 Pirate.
- 19 Bird.
- 20 Result.
- 22 Boy's name.
- 24 Nonsense.
- 25 Very stupid.
- 27 Refuse.
- 30 Bird.
- 31 Picture support.
- 33 Business talk.
- 35 Threat.
- 37 Positive pole.
- 39 Trail.
- 40 Fruit.
- 41 Sheep.

METAL WHANG  
A EROSION R  
ROAM ENTICE  
TAP FEED LOB  
STOLIDLY NE  
MT L A PI  
BE TIPSTAFF  
EAT GAS GEE  
FLURRY HORN  
I GUESSED C  
TASTE TRADE

### CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Boat. 2 Space of time. 3 Journeys. 5 Talented. 6 Light infantry. 7 Food item. 8 Cast. 9 Staying power. 11 Turns up with snout. 14 Unwilling. 16 Soft cake. 18 Rest. 21 Sea-unicorn. 23 Protect. 25 Lettuce. 26 Solitary. 28 Blaze. 29 Vassal. 32 Word of assent. 34 Pet animal. 36 Bird's cry. 38 Suffice.

## JANE



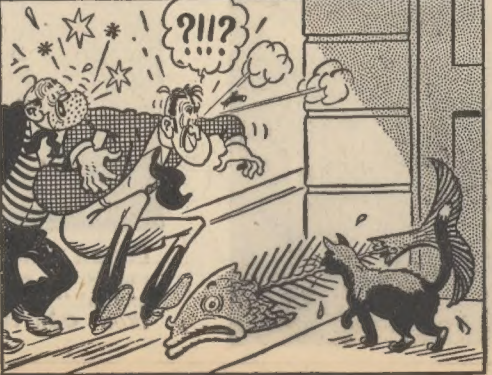
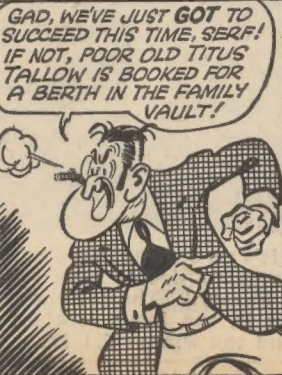
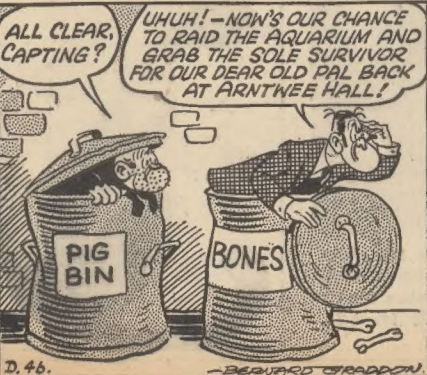
## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JANE



## PHIZ QUIZ

At one time in his career this nobleman could leap over a row of hurdles faster than any other man living. But not in that hat.

(Answer to-morrow.)

Answer to Phiz Quiz in No. 587: Dave Crowley.

## CHILD STARS

NOT since the days when wee Shirley Temple flaunted her honey-curls from the screens of the world, eliciting innumerable sighs from maternally inclined women, and Jane Withers made audiences roar at her antics, have child stars been so popular at the box office as right now.

With the sensational success attained by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Margaret O'Brien, who little more than a year ago stepped to stardom when an unpretentious film, "Lost Angel," won the heart of each person who saw it, juvenile stock has risen by leaps and bounds in the film city. To-day, almost every studio has at least one promising child under contract, while Margaret's home studio has signed a number of youngsters who are considered star material.

Enthusiasm in this studio is particularly keen about 12-year-old Elizabeth Taylor, who literally rides her way to stardom in "National Velvet," which stars Mickey Rooney. Elizabeth proved such a hit with Hollywood preview audiences that she has been handed the lead in "Hold High the Torch."

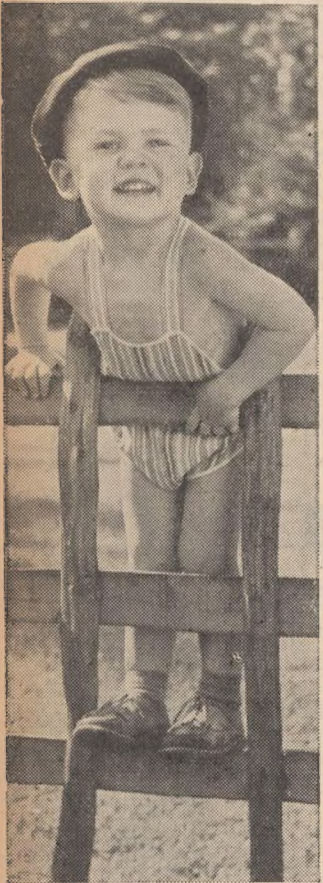
Another who scores in "National Velvet" is Jackie Jenkins, the freckle-faced "Ulysses" who almost stole the show in "The Human Comedy," and who has been cast opposite Margaret O'Brien in "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes."

Sharon McManus is a name as yet unfamiliar to screen audiences, but it soon will be known. A wistful little girl with sad eyes, Sharon is being groomed for the title role in "Tenth Avenue Angel," which M.-G.-M. hopes will do the same for her that "Lost Angel" did for Margaret.

Lester Cowan has recently finished making "To-morrow the World," and in the leading role is another 12-year-old, Skippy Homeier, who won an award from the New York critics for his performance in the play, and who, from all reports, is likely to repeat it in the picture version.

# Good Morning

"Well, Buster, it certainly didn't take you long to dress this morning. In these days of clothing coupons a gentleman's wardrobe does get a little thin, eh?"



## WHAT ARE THE WILD WIVES SAYING?



THIS ENGLAND. Say "Dartmoor" to most Englishmen, and they immediately picture bleak, forbidding moorland and a grim prison building. Well, the picture below is of Dartmoor! It shows the Norman church at Buckland-in-the-Moor, one of the soft, smiling villages scattered over the broad face of the moor.



Miss 1880: "Goodness gracious me! That shameless hussy on the beach again. Why, a gentleman could positively see her shape—if she had one!"

Miss 1945: "But, actually, my dear, she wears stockings, woollen ones. And bloomers! I've seen them with my own eyes. No, dear, not after they're wet. What a horrible suggestion!"



LOSER WINS. It's an old Guildford custom for two maids to roll dice to decide who shall have the annual "maid's money." The ceremony dates from 1624. Odd thing is, the loser receives £12 ls. 6d., and the winner £11 19s.

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Seems crazy to me!"

